

THE TATLER

JUNE, 1920

FUN FACTS



TALES &
TOPICS
OF
STAGE &
SCREEN



ANN ANDREWS IN "THE HOTTENTOT"

MOVIE MIRTH MERRIMENT MISINFORMATION

PRICE
10 CENTS

STAGE SCREEN SONG STORIES SATIRE SPICE

Something Different!

THE TATLER

presents to you each month 32 pages of

Bright, Breezy Bits

about the stage, screen and city life

A Few Facts

A Little Fiction

A Lot of Fun

You'll Enjoy The Tatler

The "Different" Magazine

Subscribe Today

One Dollar a Year

Published Monthly by

THE TATLER PUBLISHING CO.

Strand Theatre Bldg.

New York City

Application for entry in second class matter pending.

*Western Advertising Representatives, Fisher and Hightower Co.,
Mallers Bldg., Chicago, Ill.*

The TATLER



VOL. II

JUNE, 1920

NO. 5

Paraphrase of Current Plays

"**L**IGHTNIN'"—The kind of hooch you can get on Broadway.

"APPLE BLOSSOMS"—The kind of blossoms seen on the noses of hard-cider tipplers.

"THE GIRL FROM HOME"—Wife dropping in at the office during a crap game.

"THE HOLE IN THE WALL"—Modern \$150-a-month apartment in New York.

"THE BONEHEAD"—Young gent asking young lady to wed.

"LOOK WHO'S HERE"—What everybody said when Bryan got into the campaign.

"MAMMA'S AFFAIR"—Where she hides the house money from Papa.

"BEYOND THE HORIZON"—The League of Nations.

"THE WONDERFUL THING"—How some presidential candidates can talk so long without saying anything.

"SCANDAL"—Man going home with round package under his arm.

"THE SIGN ON THE DOOR"—"This Place Closed by the Volstead Act."

"HAPPY DAYS"—When a hen didn't charge eight cents every time she laid an egg.

"DECLASSE"—The only family in the block that doesn't own an automobile.

"SHAVINGS"—Some modern breakfast foods.

"THE ACQUITTAL"—Wife kissing husband so as to get his breath and finding everything all right.

"HONEY GIRL"—Chorus lady trying to salve an admirer into buying her a new limousine.

"NINE O'CLOCK REVUE"—Boss looking over the guy who should have been on hand at 8.

New York to Southampton

(The Diary of a Traveller on The Great Wet Way)

MONDAY: I had booked passage on the giant British liner *Liquitania*, in preference to any of the American boats although I am an American of a family of ten generations in this country. The American boats are seaworthy but a person doesn't travel in a ship on account of her seaworthiness. After a couple of days out one doesn't care whether a boat is seaworthy or not—provided she is worthy in other particulars. She may have a one-cylinder engine if she only has a triple-expansion bar.

The Goddess of Liberty looked thirsty as we passed and tipped our hats.

They opened the bar at the three-mile limit. Casualties: One man with broken wrist, three with fractured ribs, seven with sprained ankles and fifteen with minor lacerations. The rest of the 600 customers escaped unhurt.

Log: 17 Bronx cocktails, 14 Scotch highballs, 5 rye, 7 bourbon, 9 old-fashioned cocktails, 3 rickys. Making fair headway under good head of steam.

TUESDAY: The crowd is very great. Only two or three expect to land at Southampton, the majority remaining right on the boat for the return trip.

Was 543rd in line this morning for a bit of the hair of the dog. The bar is in

the stern of the boat, the end of the line near the bow.

Steward's name is Hennessey. Assistant Steward's name is Pepper. Second Assistant Steward's name is Wilson. First bartender's name is Overholt. Quite a quincidence. Wonder if they haven't got anybody named Golden Wedding.

WEDNESDAY: Excuse spellink. I shaw a porpoish today off the shtarbord quarters. Alsho shaw a p-p-p-pink whalesh with long greensh horns and a white tail headed right for our shipsh. Looked like there would be a cashtash—catash—catashpro—catasastrophoe—but nothing happened. No panick. Nobody saw whalesh but me.

Never shaw a boat rock sho. Deck flew up and hit me in the face shix times lash night while on my way to my stateroomsh.

THURSDAY: (Blank).

FRIDAY: I'm a punk shailor. Light breakfash this morning. Shtill quite dusty on the oshean. Small bowl shoup and three highballs for lunsh. Feeling better. Had fine dinner conshisting of Scotsch.

SHATURDAY: Woke up in a life-boat this morning. Had fine sleep. They have sighted land. Too bad. Too bad. Who wants to shee land?

Scientists say that a dead body can be raised from beneath the water by passing a mirror over the surface of the water.

But suppose it is the body of a man.

There is a fierce scandal over in Sayville, L. I. A man recently bought a second-hand wooden leg and wore it. Now it is discovered to be a woman's wooden leg.

Item in a St. Louis paper says: "Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Van Doane are receiving congratulations on the arrival of twin infants yesterday, a boy and a girl. Mr. Van Doane is an artist."

A woman asked her husband to promise that if she should die he would not marry for a year.

He said, "Go ahead, I'll promise anything."

TENTING TONIGHT

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,

Having got the landlord's raus;

Many are the hearts waiting for the light

To find another house.

Viewing the Spine of Spinelli



A ZIEGFELD IMPORTATION IN THE FROLIC, SHOWING THE NEWEST PARISIAN EFFECT IN OVERALLS

The Sunny Side of Broadway

WHEN a man saves a dollar these days, he saves about 37 cents.

Since prohibition came in, you don't see so many tight skirts.

There has always been quite a lot of sex in the Florodora sextette.

Many a woman has a strong will but her won't is stronger.

The difference between a low-brow and a high-brow is now about \$100 a week in favor of the former.

Light travels rapidly, but they are building the movie theatres so large now that a man in the back seat doesn't see the picture until ten minutes after it is thrown on the screen.

There may be a difference between married life and harried life, but what is it?

A little marriage, now and then is relished by most actor men—as little as possible.

Not a single man was to be seen on a certain roof the other night. They were all married—to somebody.

It is almost impossible to get a nip anywhere in New York now outside of the saloons, drug stores and private cellars.

"Pity the poor chorus girls," says one magazine article. We would if we knew any poor ones.

Owing to the rapidly increasing price of overalls it will soon be necessary to hold a fig-leaf parade to get even with the overall profiteers.

There's many a slip twixt the hip and the lip.

A man invented a conscientious taxicab meter, but died in the poor house. Nobody would buy it.

"Why Men Leave Home," is the title of a motion picture play. Most of them leave home because they have to go to work.

Newspapers tell us that a man was "shot in the rotunda." Some men's rotundas are so prominent that it is impossible to shoot them anywhere else.

New Yorkers don't advertise for "room and board" any more. They advertise for room and ouija board.

It's a great life if you don't week-end.

A Broadway man, who is an amateur farmer, has written a book on "Fertilizers." It ought to be one of the six best smellers.

Mr. Edison warns us against overeating, saying it will shorten our lives. A man who eats in a Broadway cafe, then, should live forever.

A Broadway chef has invented something that will bring him a fortune. It is a soup without an echo.

Sign on a cross street reads: "Hoosier Tailor." We won't tell.

Peaches in Pairs

The Dolly Sisters



The Fairbanks Twins



*Norma and
Constance Talmadge*

Surprises at the Movies

ONE never knows what one is going to see next in the big New York movie houses. The management always keeps it a dark secret, but a good guesser, while he is still sitting at home at the dinner table will dope the evening out about as follows: He never fails to hit it.

1. OVERTURE.

Second Symphony from Leontrotzky.

Orchestra of 600, Leopold Campanowski, directing.

2. NEWS REEL.

Ski jumping in suburbs of Copenhagen.

Our fleet at target practice. (Heavy firing by bass drummer.)

Jackies at play while on shore leave.

Prince Jagovitch arrives from Rumania.

Silk worms at play.

Battleship Pennsylvania passing under Brooklyn Bridge.

Ninth inning between the Giants and the Red Sox.

Manager John McGraw and baby lion mascot.

Graduating Class of Hokum College.

Cabinet member taking oath of office.

Bad fire in corset factory at Biloxi, Miss.

3. PICTURESQUE AMERICA.

Man and dog climbing over fifteen mountains, closing with sunset on Hoockmakootch Bay.

Large glacier, with chunks breaking off and falling into water. (Sandpaper splash by trap drummer.)

4. SECOND ACT OF "SAMSON ET DELILAH."

Mons. Tenorowski and Mme. Sopranovitch.

5. FEATURE PICTURE.

MISS OLEOMARGERINE PIPP

"The Darling of the Screen"

In

"SHE SLIPPED BUT CAUGHT HERSELF"

Presented by Angus Hostetter.

Released by Hostetter-Art.

Directed by Hal Hinch.

Scenario by Abe Fishbaum.

Book by E. Oppen Phillipsheim.

Titles by Frederick Orson McSwatt.

6. "OH PROMISE ME."

Miss Gelatine Dingwhizzle, Late of Covent Garden, London.

7. "OH GOSH!" Moonshine comedy with bathing girls.

8. ORGAN POSTLUDE.

Dr. Henri Dupre, Organist.

Over the Phone

SOME skirt!

We refer, of course, to the costume. You've often noticed those funny little lacy doll things which some people have to hide the telephone. They are very popular with the type of woman who likes to have everything around the house dressed up except the children.

Well, Ziegfeld has adopted the idea and put it in his roof show, with Lillian Lorraine singing a phoney song to match.

We had always been opposed to the dolled-up telephone until we saw this one. It seemed such a waste of energy to hide something which was as harmless as most telephones we have met.

Even when a phone is working, you can't get much satisfaction out of

it until it's stripped for action. No one wants to carry on a conversation through some lace and ribbons. Even though the conversation becomes a bit strained, you don't care to have it strained through georgette crepe.

With one of these doll-covered phones, you never know whether you are going to get an ear-ful of scandal or a mouth-ful of lingerie.

When we take our phone, we prefer to take it straight. Sometimes we'd like to take it straight out and throw it in the river.

But Mr. Ziegfeld's idea is different. His phone is purely ornamental, and even if Lillian can't give you a number, perhaps she can give you a number of thrills.



ONE OF THE UNIQUE NUMBERS IN THE ZIEGFELD FROLIC—LILLIAN LORRAINE AS A 'PHONE DECORATION

Tabloid Play for the Tired Business Man

BY KENDALL BANNING

The Bedroom Play

Time: midnight.

Place: a bedroom,
in a country house.

Characters: NATALIE; a young married woman.

VIVIAN; a young married man.

THE curtain discloses a handsomely furnished sleeping room of which the most conspicuous feature is the richly upholstered bed. The dim light from the small colored-glass drop lamp on the dressing table at the right reveals the room only in vague and shadowy outlines. Apparently the room has been prepared by a well-trained maid; a lady's toilet articles are seen on the dressing table, and her dressing gown and slippers on a lounge-chair. The sheets of that side of the bed which is visible have been turned back; a thermos bottle, glass, and books are on a table at the bedside. The sound of a man's and a woman's laughter is heard without. Natalie enters the room hurriedly and shuts and bolts the door, playfully. The man pursuing her thumps on the door in a merry attempt to enter, calling "Let me in! Let me in! Natalie,—I say!" Natalie talks through the closed door to him.)

NATALIE—Now be a good boy and go to bed. Your room is on the next floor, you know. You've played quite enough for one evening. Besides, I'm frightfully tired and must go right to bed. . . . What? (She applies her ear to the door to hear his

whispered message) . . . Why of course you can't; I think you're perfectly horrid. . . . What? . . . In here? . . . Certainly NOT! . . . Well, it simply isn't done at house-parties. Well, just this once. (She sends him a kiss through the key hole). Now, run along! See you at breakfast!

(She removes her gown and seats herself leisurely at the dressing table. She adjusts her hair for the night, and retires to the dark corner of the chamber to disrobe and don her night dress. After her preparations are complete, she turns out the light and jumps into bed. She shrieks.) Oh—Oh! What,—who is it! How dare you! Let me alone! . . . Help! . . . (She struggles out of bed in the darkness and switches on all the electrolier, flooding the room with light and revealing herself in terrified disarray and Vivian in the bed, gazing at her in surprise and amusement. As she recognizes him her terror leaves her and she sinks trustfully into his arms). Oh, Vivian,—how you startled me! I didn't know it was you. I thought for a moment that you were—my husband!

(Curtain.)

TIT FOR TAT

Mr. Jones got his telephone bill on the first of the month. He didn't rush to pay it.

On the fifth, Mr. Jones sent a note to the company, saying: "Try me again."

Ten days later, having received no response, he jotted another note to the company, saying: "Are you still waiting?"

On the twenty-fifth, Mr. Jones got a second bill from the company. He sent back another note, saying: "My bank account is busy."

The third request for payment came, but Mr. Jones wrote on it: "I don't answer."

The fifteenth day of the second month brought notice that Mr. Jones would have to pay or his service would be discontinued. So Mr. Jones having a sense of humor and a great deal of patience, dispatched a check with a little note which said: "My mistake. Will you please excuse it?"

THE WAY OF A WOMAN

AT SIX she tossed her pretty curls and decided to marry little Micky McCarthy because he could stand on his head.

AT TWELVE she decided that she would never marry, but enter a nunnery.

AT SIXTEEN she wanted to marry John Drew.

AT EIGHTEEN she decided to marry a sad-eyed foreign violinist.

AT TWENTY she fell madly in love with a gray-haired broker.

AT TWENTY-FIVE she rather hoped a young college chap would propose.

AT THIRTY she had her eye on a certain man worth three millions.

AT THIRTY-THREE she looked on every man as a possible chance.

AT THIRTY-FOUR she married Alderman Michael J. McCarthy, a successful contractor and more successful politician.

Attractive Things in Overalls



*Anna
Wheaton*



*Marie
Prevost*



*Phyllis
Haver*

Bird Life on Broadway

By PROF. MADISON LONGACRE

AFTER a close study of the subject extending over a period of years, I will say, without fear of contradiction that there are some rare old birds along Broadway. Their manners and customs are of interest to the naturalist, of which there are only a few in this section. Most of them, if I may use the expression, are unnaturalists.

It is almost necessary to make the study of Broadway bird life at night. They don't seem to come out much in the daytime—except the common and uninteresting varieties which are found everywhere. I have set down some intimate facts about these birds as follows:

CATBIRD: This species is numerous, perhaps more numerous than any other and they are cattier than the catbirds of any other clime. You can tell them by their chirping and they also knock—much louder than woodpeckers. They have a brilliant plumage and often travel in flocks. They hover mainly about the ladies' smoking rooms of the theatres and the restaurants.

OLD CROW: Very rare now in this section. Migrated in large quantities some time ago to a tropical climate, mainly Cuba.

STORK: Seen only occasionally and then so far uptown as to be almost indistinguishable. Its habits are not well known generally along this thoroughfare.

SWALLOWS: Not nearly so numerous as they used to be. There were swallows everywhere before Prohibition took effect. Now they are so quiet that one rarely hears them.

NIGHT OWL: This bird has been growing scarcer and scarcer until one now is quite a curiosity. No one knows what this strange bird eats or where it sleeps. Once quite common, now disappearing rapidly.

LYRE BIRD: (*Pressibus Agentus*): Found in great numbers in this section. This bird makes a loud noise and is always much in evidence. Found mainly around theatres, preening its feathers.

SQUAB: Out of style but still referred to occasionally by old-timers. A small, dumpish bird running mainly to legs. Quite agile and not easily scared.

CHICKEN HAWK: Still found in great quantities, owing to the large annual crop of chickens. The chicken-hawk finds this section a great hunting ground.

HUMMING BIRD: Found mainly around song publishers' offices and studios. Originated in Tin Pan Alley. This bird is considered a pest but there is no bounty on it.

MOCKING BIRD: This imitator is perhaps the most numerous bird in the section. A great nuisance and has no conscience or sense of right or wrong. Found mainly in vaudeville.

PELICAN: The bird with the large bill. Thousands of them, mainly in the modiste, florist, taxicab and plumbing lines.

HOT BIRD: Extinct, along with the cold bottle.

JAIL BIRD: Plenty of them and flying high. They attract little astonishment. People are used to them.

PIGEON: The stool variety of this bird is much in evidence.

EAGLE: Extinct. Suffocated out of existence by flood of paper money.

DODO: The bird with no brains. You seem to see millions of them sometimes. They are everywhere but congregate especially in front of windows where men are demonstrating electric belts or safety-razors. Large flocks of them follow fire engines and attend ouija seances.

The only difference between some boxing bouts and classic dancing is a matter of taste.

Grabbing a caption from "The Wake" in the Chicago Trib, "Do you remember away back when" every woman had to lift her skirts while boarding a street car?

"Hiram Johnson Carries Nebraska"—headline. That's nothing; Walt Johnson has been carrying Washington for ten years.

If Uncle Tom were alive today I know where he could get \$60 a month for his cabin.

The trouble with a lot of utter strangers is that they utter altogether too much.

Fair Faces and Forms in the Frolic



*Peggy
Shaw*



*Martha
Pierre*



*Jessie
Reed*

THE TATLER

Published Monthly, Strand Theatre Bldg., N. Y. C.

Walter E. Colby, Editor

By subscription one dollar a year. Single copies 10 cents, obtained from all newsdealers.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. The Tatler does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Copyright, 1920, Tatler Publishing Co.

All those in favor, say "Rye!"

We know a chap who has opened a pail order house in Havana.

A dancer has had her feet insured, but why? Dancers don't use their feet any more.

A friend of ours has a year-old prize youngster, and we'll say he's a chip off the old block. They took his bottle away from him the other day and the little devil tried to creep down the cellar steps.

Mrs. Danielson—no, no! NO!—Miss Hurst, says that after being married five years "the dust is still on the butterfly's wing and the dew on the rose." That is a great improvement on some five-year households which can only boast of dust on the mantel and goodness only knows how much due on the furniture!

The eclipse of the moon, which took place just over the lake in Central Park, was a sight we witnessed with delight. In these nebulous times, it is a relief to know that the earth still has enough body to it to cast a shadow.

To judge from the rather discouraging reception given Laurette Taylor in London on the first night of her performance of "One Night in Rome," Londoners are well supplied with boos.

Whence, probably, the name: "Tight Little Isle."

Her premiere came very near being her derniere.

It appeared for a while as though Miss Taylor were going to play "One Night in London."

What chance has the most worthy of us when "The Gods" are against him!

The man next door had to buy a \$75 suit to put over his overalls to keep them clean.

Mr. Danielson and Miss Hurst are going to the Orient. When do their ships sail?

Our professional cynic says people always take each other for better because it couldn't be worse.

He says he believes woman would never have been created if Adam hadn't been caught napping.

A correspondent of an evening paper wants to know the best way to make a shy lover propose. We suggest that the young woman take him gently on her knee, put her arms tightly around his neck, kiss him allegro crescendo and then gasp: "Well, darling, what was you going to say before you was interrupted?"

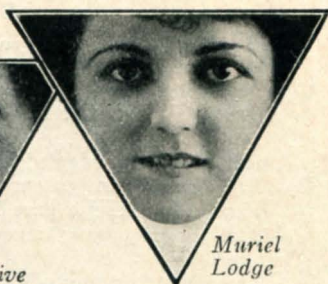
Here's Looking At You!



Madge
Kennedy



Olive
Tell



Muriel
Lodge



Theda
Bara

*Don't you
feel embar-
rassed under
the searching
glare of this
battery of eyes?
They'd make
you 'fess up
most anything,
wouldn't they?*



Mildred
Chaplin



Jane
Cowl



Rene
Adoree



Vange
Valentine



Florence
Shirley

Fame

BY ROY K. MOULTON

THERE was a young washlady and her little name was May,
And up and down the washboard she chased flannel shirts each day.
And petticoats and handkerchiefs and napkins and the like.
She had a shoulder movement that was great, so help us Mike.

Her shoulders wiggled all day long for washings came in fast,
And she had any patent wash-machine lashed to the mast.
Her daily exercise gave her a wonderful physique,
And for massaging lingerie she got twelve bones per week.

The town that pretty May lived in, a Pennsylvania tank,
Consisted of an opry house, a drug store and a bank,
A grocery and a butcher shop, a movie and a mill.
And of its manifold delights, young May had had her fill.

One night a New York show blew in and the especial treat
Was one sweet dame who danced without the moving of her feet.
As May looked on, she muttered: "That kid has a lot to learn."
My washboard wiggle has the lady's dance beat to a turn."

And then she beat it for the town in just a day or two.
And went into the chorus of a honky-tonk revue.
And when they let her do a dance alone, she stopped the show.
She was a scream and now she is a star, we'd have you know.

She gets a modest stipend of twelve hundred beans a week.
Her early washboard training put her over, so to speak.
She has a flat up on the Drive, a yacht and limousine,
The greatest shimmy dancer that the world has ever seen.

White Way Society News

ART Hokus, the protean artist was fined
for contempt of court last week. He
was arrested for carrying liquor. He let the
judge taste of it and it was maple syrup.

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Bascomb are out
of town and are traveling extensively.
Last week they jumped from Winnipeg to
New Orleans. Next week they play for
first half in Pittsburgh and the second half
in San Francisco. They expect to make
the trip by wireless.

Two well-known people, a man and a
woman, were thrown out of a taxicab on
the way home from a roadhouse last even-
ing. Yes, of course, they were married—
both married.

J. Hamilton Binks, a well-known White
Way society man expects to give a coming-
out party next week for his daughter Mazie,
who has been in Auburn penitentiary for
three years.

Harold Dawn, the rising young actor
who has been playing the hind legs of a
trick horse in vaudeville for nine years was
promoted to the front legs this week. Per-
severance and love of one's art always are
rewarded.

Mlle. Clarice and her husband, Mons.
Henri, who were married two months ago
returned home this week from a trip on
the western time and local society was
shocked. Neither one has yet applied for
a divorce.

Percy Prettyman the well-known cafe
dancer had a narrow escape last week. He
was struck by a safe which fell from the
tenth story of a tall building. Luckily it
hit him on the head. The safe was badly
damaged.

Chet Dill won the flapjack championship
of the Childs' circuit last week by keeping
eighteen flapjacks in the air at one time.

Beauty and the Broker

WE have often been led to wonder whether the crop of "well-known Wall street brokers" is ever going to run out. Wall street is a narrow lane and very short and it must take intensive farming to raise so many "well-known brokers" as is necessary to supply the demand.

But, when it seems as though the supply has been almost wiped out, a new crop appears as if by magic and the newspapers are able to continue their well-known headlines about the well-known brokers.

One of the main maladies that seem to attack well-known Wall street brokers is beautifulwomanitis. A glance over the headlines any morning will show where a large number of well-known Wall street brokers have bitten the well-known dust. Taxicab accidents account for many of them, breach of promise suits for many more. The headlines:

"Beautiful Actress Sues Well-Known Wall Street Broker for \$563,892.65 For Breach of Promise."

"Well-known Wall Street Broker Caught in Taxicab Accident. Beautiful Woman Escapes."

"Mysterious Beautiful Woman, Claiming to Be Actress, Assaults Well-Known Wall Street Broker in Office."

"Jewelry Firm Sues Well-Known Wall Street Broker For \$1,762,673.27 For Jewels Selected by Beautiful Woman."

"Stage Beauty and Well-Known Wall Street Broker Elope. Broker's Wife is Angry."

"Beautiful Woman Claims Secret Marriage to Well-Known Wall Street Broker."

"Well-Known Wall Street Broker Leaves Vast Fortune to Beautiful Stranger in Will. Family Indignant."

Striking and Exclusive Portrait of Mme Olga Petrova



Those Were the Happy Days!

Stella Mayhew's Clever
Impersonation of a Girl
with Her First Taste of
Wine



"I never
tasted wine
before but
it doesn't
affect me
in the
least"



"Some
music
makes you
feel gig-
gley"



"Jush lishen to
thash orchestra
play"



"Some mushic
makes you feel
shad"



"It's got
needles
in it
too"



"I've never
tasted cham-
pagne in all
my life"



"I am NOT
crying!"

WRITING A MUSICAL SHOW

"**H**AS the company been assembled according to my instructions?" asked the proprietor, standing on the stage.

"Every one is present, comedian, leading woman, dancers, acrobats, chorus and all," replies the stage director.

"Have the costumes been completed?"

"They are ready to put on," replies the wardrobe mistress.

"How about the sets?"

"They are quite ready," replies the property man.

"And the scenery?"

"We finished the job an hour ago," replies the boss scene painter.

"How about those trick drops and the folding staircase and the cave?"

"All completed, sir," replies the stage carpenter.

"Has the press stuff been sent to the newspapers?"

"All has been attended to," replies the press agent.

"Have the usual photographs been taken?"

"Everybody has been photographed both in groups and individually," replies the photographer.

"Have the dressing rooms been assigned?"

"Everybody is satisfied. I put a star on every door," replies the stage manager.

"Have the speculators been given their usual blocks of seats?"

"Certainly," replies the business manager.

"Then send for Hokus and Pokus, the book and lyric writers and Laszio Hicks, the composer, and have them write the show.—Dress rehearsal to-night at seven sharp."

WHERE ARE YOU GOING THIS SUMMER?

ASK any man you meet where he is going this summer.

He will tell you—he will tell you he isn't going anywhere. He is just going to stick around home, and maybe run up into the country for the week-end once in awhile. He is going to do this to save traveling expenses.

The vacation season starts along about the first of June. Well, we asked the above question of several of our friends early in the Spring.

Our friend Bilk said: "No, we are not going to take any trip this year. Too expensive. Li'l Ol' New York is all right in the summer. Good enough for us."

Bjones said: "My wife and I are going to stay right in town. No traveling for us at present rates. Bank on that, Old Thing, It's the best bet."

Niblick said: "We will stay in the apartment all summer. No trip this year. We are going to lay aside a little jack this summer."

Hostetter said: "I am going to try a summer in town. It ought to be nice and cool here with everybody out of town."

Seven others said the same.

Along about the beginning of the vacation season we happened to walk through a great railway terminal station. First we stumbled upon Mr. and Mrs. Bilk, then Mr. and Mrs. Bjones, then Hostetter and his wife and then Niblick and his wife and seven others and their wives.

They were all going to Montreal to spend a few weeks.

Let's see, what do they sell in Montreal that they don't sell in the United States?

How to Be Happy

HOW to be Happy in Boston is the title of the following set of rules, drawn up by a resident of Cambridge:

Eat beans Saturday night and fishballs Sunday morning.

Select the Puritans for your ancestors.

Read Emerson.

Speak low.

Wear glasses and be fond of tombstones.

Carry your parcels in a green bag.

As few people live in Boston, and as nobody cares whether those few are happy or not—they don't deserve to be, anyway—we have drawn up a few similar sets for

the benefit of more worthy persons.

How to be Happy in Chicago—You can't.

How to be Happy when Married—Live in Reno.

How to be Happy when Single—You will be anyway.

H. t. b. H. when going to a Dentist's—Accompany a friend who is to have a tooth pulled.

H. t. b. H. when having a leg amputated—Be sure that it is a wooden one.

When its July—Wait until September.

When paying a Bill—Give the collector an uncertain cheque.

Little Mary Miles Minter—Then and Now

OF all the stars in the film firmament none is more popular than little Mary Miles Minter, and to think that she *must* stay single for three years! No matter how much money he has or how much she loves him, she can't marry him until 1923, whoever he is. Why? Because it is so nominated in the bond. In other words, Mary has just signed a contract for three years which stipulates that she must not marry during that time and must not appear in any public places. So if you want to see Mary you *must* go to the movies.



Here is Mary's latest likeness. In the insert you see her as she appeared years ago in "The Littlest Rebel" in vaudeville



Blue Laws—Why Not?

THE old blue laws were drastic. There is some talk now of modifying them to fit present conditions and clamping them on again. In the olden days:

No man was allowed to kiss his wife on the Sabbath.

No one was allowed to travel, cook meals, make beds, sweep house, shave or cut hair on the Sabbath.

Married persons had to live together or be imprisoned.

Every male had to have his hair cut round, according to a cap.

No one was allowed to make minced pies or play cards.

No man was allowed to whistle on the Sabbath day.

With a few alterations, blue laws might not be so bad at the present time, and the following list has been suggested as fitting the needs of our city:

No man shall be allowed to kiss any

other man's wife on the Sabbath, or any other day.

No person shall be allowed to whistle on the Sabbath or any other day. Any man found with an ace in the shoe or up the sleeve shall stand in the stocks for three days.

No person shall be allowed to manage, own, operate or play in a jazz band, under penalty of life imprisonment.

Any woman who strikes her husband (for money) on any other than pay day shall be given the ducking stool.

Any man wearing bone-rimmed eye glasses shall be banished to New Rochelle for life.

No person shall be allowed to play the slide trombone or the clarinet within fifty miles of the city limits.

Any woman or feminine person wearing a skirt which does not reach as far down as the knees shall be compelled to walk in a barrel on ye public thoroughfare.

Do You Know These Movie Pests?

HUMAN lives are not made happier by pests. A Mr. Gilbert, of England, once compiled a list of people who never, never would be missed, but the list is somewhat outworn; every generation has its own particular specimens of objectionables. The Goldwyn Pictures Corporation has spent a good deal of time, energy, and perhaps, ingenuity, in the compilation of a new roster of people who might be blown away by the wind without any perceptible mourning by the stationary world.

One of the chief offenders of the day, the report sets forth, is the lady, or the gentleman, who explains, in detail, and with great volubility, the action which is taking place on the screen, where all who have eyes may see.

This type of person has a relative in another unpopular specimen. This new type conducts himself, or herself, in the following manner, to wit:

The film has just reached a crucial point where the villain is about to out-Iago Iago and the hero is about to test his muscles against the vile plottings. Just when everybody in the house is tense, and the arms of the chairs are cracking from the gripping holds of the people, everything is plunged into obscurity. The golden bowl is shattered, the dream is gone. And all because one of the homo genus, in the balcony section, paying no heed to the whispered command of the usher to "duck," has projected his, or her, egoistic shadow across the pictured image.

Then again there is the person who is forever losing a glove, or a quarter dollar, or the last issue of Silly Stories. Usually this specimen has left her seat and is in the foyer when she (it is usually a she) discovers her loss. In a few moments she is back, peering in the vague darkness below her seat, feeling blindly for the lost thing.

It is only a few moments before the entire section of the house in which the search is going on has completely lost interest in the screen. People murmur—"what was it?"—the usher strides down the aisle, with that imponderable dignity which only an usher possesses. He reveals a flash-lamp, which soon is playing around the spot where the alleged loss took place. Finally, after many moments, it is found; or else, the loser says, "Oh, well, it was only a nickel, let it go," and departs. Thereupon the usher and his flashlight jointly

disappear; the murmurs are hushed, and the picture proceeds. But the thread of the story has been lost with the nickel.

Add another pest, the person who knows that he is entitled to a seat irrespective of how many people preceded him into the theater. He, or she, pushes his or her way through the crowd until the "rope" is reached—the "rope," symbol of the S. R. O. condition which prevails and which holds the standees from the aisles in obedience to the mandates of the fire department. This lady or gentleman, the one who is so intent upon a seat that he or she has no time to consider the feelings of others, is also the person popularly known as the "end-seat hog."

Motion-picture audiences, as a whole, are a representative lot of good natured people. But occasionally you will hear audible murmurs of "Sit down, there," "Look for it afterwards," "Oh, tell it to the marines," and even the crude "Shut up!"—to the gentleman, or lady, who has been explaining, in great detail, the action on the screen. People who thus read aloud titles and characterize possible happenings are sardonically, and ignorantly, satirizing the "silent" drama. This is a great sin—and annoyance.

IN BAD!

Leighton Graves Osmun, who wrote "The Fortune Teller," which Albert Capellani has made into a Pathe feature, has a brother, who brought back from the army many amusing anecdotes. He tells of a raw recruit from Ireland, whom he met in England. The recruit was engaged for the first time in the field of maneuver on outpost duty. The Sergeant instructed him to look out carefully for the Colonel coming to inspect the post. After an hour, he returned and asked of the soldier.

"Has the Colonel been here?"

Receiving an answer in the negative he went away and returned later with the same inquiry. Presently the Colonel appeared. The recruit did not salute properly and the Colonel asked him sharply, "Do you know who I am?"

"Faith and I do not," answered the recruit.

"I am the Colonel."

"Begorra, you will get it then," said the soldier. "The Sergeant has been asking for you twice already."

Five dollars for a lovely, girlish complexion



MORE than half a million women keep their skin and hair beautifully youthful by a once-or-twice-a-week home treatment with The Star Electric Massage Vibrator. Quick. Convenient. Eliminates "beauty parlor" worries. Skin, scalp and hair respond surprisingly soon to this delightfully soothing method.

Don't have a pale, oldish, unattractive complexion. Or course, brittle unmanageable hair. Stir up your circulation! Bring back the roses of girlhood. Look and feel your best—always. Electric massage is the secret!—for headaches, insomnia, neuralgia and fatigue. Martha Hedman, Evelyn Gosnell, Olive Tell, Gladys Leslie and many other stage and screen beauties use and endorse The "Star."

At all drug, department and electrical-goods stores. Price, \$5 for complete outfit. (Canadian price, \$7.50). If your dealer hasn't the "Star," send price, with his name and address, to us, We'll ship direct to you. Fitzgerald Mfg. Co. Dept. 505, Torrington, Conn. Get a "Star" today!

"The 'Star' has actually
made me look ten years
younger!"

The **STAR**



\$5⁰⁰
Complete

Electric Massage
VIBRATOR

HEITLAND

John is Neither Dead Nor Sleeping

THROUGHOUT the country some time ago the following interesting item was published:

DEATHS.

BARLEYCORN, JOHN—At his late home, The Distillery, through failure to recover from a severe attack of Governmentitis. The end came at 12 p. m., July 16.

Mr. Barleycorn's death was not a surprise. It was expected for some time. Experts, after a tireless struggle, gave him up and old Doc. Revenue said he could not possibly live. Word went forth that John Barleycorn was no more, and his famous old birthplace, The Distillery, was closed.

But there is evidence that the rumor of Mr. Barleycorn's death was considerably exaggerated.

One of our well-known citizens, Mr. G. Watta Souse, was observed last Tuesday eating cardamon seeds.

"I suppose," we remarked, jovially, "that eating cardamon seeds like that makes you almost imagine that you've had a mornin's mornin'."

"Huh?" he wheezed, like a sea lion asking for a fish.

He wheezed the "Huh" directly in our face and we staggered back, amazed. It was like a message from the dead—the dead John Barleycorn.

"What do you do without your regular hooter of hootch?" we asked him.

"Dunno, I never tried it," he muttered, colliding with a letter-box and politely lifting his hat.

At the theatre, two evenings later, our feet were trod upon by three large gentlemen who went out between the acts. Upon their return there was a strange reminder of the late Mr. Barleycorn in the air round about us. When they came back the second time there was no mistaking it.

Next day several rumors came to us to the effect that despite all reports to the contrary, Mr. Barleycorn was not dead, nor even sleeping, and to verify this we set

forth last evening to investigate. Entering a large, well-lighted room, fitted with tables, and a sort of counter affair at one end, adorned by a brass foot-rail, we timidly addressed the gentlemanly clerk.

"Is—er—have you any?"

"Sure," said the clerk, "Blue River, Some-stairs, Old Salter, Merry Land, Gunner, Old Raven, Moneygram? Highball or straight?"

"S-s-straight," we stammered, and the gentlemanly clerk set it forth. It was a solemn, sad moment with us. Instantly we recognized our old friend, John Booze Barleycorn, as natural as life. It certainly looked enough like him to be his twin. It smelled like J. B. and it—upon still further research on our part—proved to be none other than the late lamented John Barleycorn.

The clerk flipped a bit of cardboard to us, the cashier gave us back a quarter out of a dollar, and that experiment was over. Time was when John would greet us twice for thirty cents. If he died and came back, his return indicates that he has gained a high opinion of his value.

We made research—solely in the interest of our readers—in many other places. John was on hand, as natural as ever and six times as expensive.

"I thought he died?" we queried.

"Where'd ye get that died stuff?" queried the Man in the White Coat. "There's enough of that Booze left to last four years." Bartenders frequently become sufficiently intimate with John Barleycorn to call him by his middle name.

Everywhere it was the same, only more so as the night progressed. At the close of our investigations there were two bars in each place and two bartenders serving us with two proofs of the existence of Mr. Barleycorn.

We can assure you that while Washington officials may have officially declared John Barleycorn to be dead, his "spirit" still lives and goes gurgling on.

When a man has hard luck up to his fortieth year there comes a change. His luck gets worse.

The richest man in the world doesn't have to pay a nickel for a haircut, and they're going up to a dollar a throw.

How would you like to be a gas meter reader and go into thirty or forty cellars every day.

The "Eyes" Have It

*Aleta Dore, one
of the prize
winners*

*One of the exhibits at
the contest*

WHEN Achilles was dipped into the river Styx his heel was exposed, but when a bunch of pretty girls dip into a beauty contest at a movie ball, their ankles are exposed.

This is what happened recently at the Eastern Studios ball of the Famous Players. This article has to do with the ball, and we merely mention Achilles because

(Continued on next page)

Julia Faye, Lila Lee, Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels and Mildred Reardon awaiting the Judges' decision



(Continued from page 23)

(1) he was about the only Greek we know of who never started a restaurant, and (2) he was one of the famous players of the Trojan War. And the chances are, if they had had movies in those days, Achilles would have been playing opposite Helen of Troy instead of leading an army and getting shot in the heel.

Two separate beauty contests took place at the ball. One was a matter of features, and the other of feet. Right after the grand march, which was led by Elsie Ferguson, the first contest took place, with Daniel Frohman as the judge of faces. He passed out slips of paper to the eligible ones, and after a close scrutiny—or possibly a close-up scrutiny—he awarded the palm to Eleanor Dale, Bebe King and Adele Gordon. Being a very wise judge as well as a very gallant one, he declined to specify which was first, second and third.

When it came to the contest over the opposite end of beauty, however, it was realized that the decision was beyond the powers of any one man. A face may be chosen by an authority, but when it comes to ankles, we are a democratic country and believe in majority rule. Hence it was decided to pick the winners on the basis of popular applause.

One thing which lent especial interest to the ankle competition was that the artist, C. Coles Phillips, whose magazine covers have done more for ankles than all the hosiery makers in America, was looking for a model. Perfect ankles are few, even if not far between. Eleanor Dale has

posed for some of the Coles Phillips' covers, but now that she has gone into the movies, the artist appealed to the movie people to aid in the search.

Hence the ankle display at 2 a. m. in the grand ballroom of the Hotel Commodore.

Scores of feet, variously clad and variously contoured, stepped forward for popular acclaim. Their owners stood behind a curtain, with only the competing members revealed. Some of the contestants seemed somewhat in doubt as to just where an ankle ends, but this did not jeopardize their chances.

The applause was frequently deafening, but fortunately not blinding. One by one, the less popular entries were dropped, and the contest narrowed down to a half dozen. In the final e-limb-inations, first and second prize awards went to Camelia Penney and Alita Dore respectively.

Popular applause proved an admirable means of expressing approval of ankles at a ball, but we question whether its use should be advocated for general purposes. It would lead to more or less confusion in musical shows, for instance. The man who wrote the music and the man who wrote the book would never be able to determine whether their work was appreciated, as long as the chorus was on the stage.

And can you imagine a girl rippling down Fifth Avenue, followed by a ripple of applause?

Or think how tired the conductor on a bus would be at the end of a long, but otherwise perfect, day.

"I Do"—More or Less

THE Fannie Hurst guaranteed five-year, non-leakable, self-supporting marriage, which overflowed into columns and columns of perfectly good publicity the other day, suggests that the old-fashioned marriage service needs revision.

Jacques Danielson, husband and party of the first part, as they say it with lawyers, apparently didn't have to respond to the familiar "I do's" which the minister fires at most bridegrooms.

As nearly as we can make out from Fannie's first play in the game of matrimony, the deacon must have put a few queries such as these:

"Do you promise to get married for a year, and if that year proves satisfactory,

to stay quietly married for four years longer, and at the beginning of the sixth year to tell the world?

"Do you promise to love, honor, cherish and take breakfast twice a week with this woman?"

"Do you promise not to interfere with your wife's name, and to let her retain the 'Miss' to which she is accustomed?"

"Do you promise not to dust off the butterfly wings of matrimony, and not to knock the dew off the rose of romance?"

"Do you promise to let your wife choose her own friends, her own hats and her own habits, and OH, MAN!—do you promise to allow her to pay her own RENT?"

Dorothy Dale's Career

BY ROY K. MOULTON

Dorothy Dale, a beautiful girl of 17, who lived in a small town in Michigan, had a consuming ambition to achieve a screen career. She left home against the wishes of her father. On her way to New York on the train, she met Mrs. Stuyvesant, an adventuress, and her "Brother" Henderson, who posed as a motion picture producer. After a gay evening in a restaurant she went to Mrs. Stuyvesant's apartment on Riverside Drive to spend the night. Pat Maloney, a famous detective, had been keeping an eye on the trio, and when he saw Dorothy open a window and heard her scream, he hastened into the apartment building and up in the elevator to the tenth floor.

CHAPTER III

WHEN Pat reached the tenth floor he found the door leading to Apartment 2 B locked. He heard a scurrying of feet in the hallway on the other side of the door and again the voice of Dorothy calling for help.

It was the work of a few minutes to smash the lock on the door and, with his faithful partner, he rushed into the apartment. Guided by Dorothy's voice, he found her—standing in negligee before a window facing Riverside Drive.

White and trembling she stammered: "He c-c-ame in here—the beast—the—"

"I know the bird," replied Pat, "that's why we were outside. Now listen to me, girl, Mrs. Stuyvesant, your friend, and her brother, Henderson, are a tough lot. He's not her brother—"

"Not her brother?" gasped Dorothy.

"No more than I am. And his name's not Henderson. It's Hennessy. If I ever get this guy wit' the goods on him— Oh, boy! He says to you he is a motion picture producer. To the last girl he says he is a well-known Wall Street broker. Well, if I ever get these two mitts on him he will not be a motion picture producer, but a picture no artist can paint—"

"But, Mrs. Stuyvesant—," interrupted Dorothy.

"The smoothest dame in this burg," replied Maloney. "We've been waitin' for that pair to pull something. Young girls is their game. I might have told you on the train but it wouldn't have done any good. I was getting back from 'Frisco and just happened to spot 'em on the train."

"Get them now," she suggested.

"Too late," muttered Pat. "They beat it down in the service elevator when I was smashin' in the door. They took their hand-baggage with 'em. They won't be back. They rent this crib furnished.

Now, I'll look around the place a bit and you get your duds on and we'll go down town. New York is just naturally full of neighborly folks like this pair of birds. Remember that when you see one coming."

Within five minutes Dorothy stood in the hallway with her suitcase in her hand and with Maloney and his partner she went down in the elevator to the street. Maloney hailed a passing taxicab and the three journeyed back to the heart of the city.

"I would like to find you a place to stay," said Pat to Dorothy, "but I've got to be on my way after your late friends. But, I'll tip you off to a quiet little hotel in the Forties—the Abernathy. It's a decent place for a lady."

He gave the driver the directions and the taxicab stopped in front of the Abernathy.

With a warm hand-clasp and words of unmistakable gratitude Dorothy bade her new friend good night. The cab rolled away and Dorothy, alone for the first time in New York, entered the hotel only to be told by the room clerk that there was not a vacant room in the place. He also told her that it was necessary to make a reservation ahead to get a room in any respectable hotel in the city.

A young man leaned against the cigar counter near-by and when Dorothy, lugging her suit case left the hotel office for the street he followed, attracted by the wonderful beauty of the girl.

The young boulevardier was of the Broadway type, immaculately dressed and suave in manner.

Dorothy set her face toward Broadway, beckoned by the lights, for there, it seemed to the girl, was safety at least for the moment. In the semi-darkness of the side street the man followed and, by quickening his steps, caught her before she had made half the distance.

(Continued on next page)

DOROTHY DALE'S CAREER

(Continued from page 25)

"May I not help you with your suitcase, miss," he said.

Dorothy, startled, replied in the negative, but the man attempted to take the case from her. She held on and was about to scream for help when a third voice mingled with hers and the man's, and a rather powerfully built young woman apparently in the twenties stepped between the two.

"I beg pawdon," she said.

"What's the idea?" snapped the young man.

"Now, listen Rollo," said the new-comer, and one could see at a glance that she had a mop of red hair: "Listen, little boy. This lady is a friend of mine. We can carry her suitcase. So, just run along and peddle your fans and opera glasses. We don't need you."

The fellow hesitated.

"Beat it," commanded the new-comer.

He took one glance at the angry, flashing eyes, another at the mop of red hair, still another at a policeman who was approaching leisurely down the block, then, lifted his hat and walked away.

Thus Margot Dupre, chorus girl, Broadway wiseacre, harum-scarem, neer-dowell, powdered, rouged, scented and slangy came into the life of Dorothy Dale.

Margot Dupre was a type. She had been born Margaret Dugan, but when she had started to uplift the stage ten years before with the aid of a rather pulchritudinous pair of what are vulgarly but quite naturally called "legs" and a countenance containing more than the usual comeliness, she thought it best, for professional reasons to let her Dugan ancestors rest quietly in their graves and give the famous French family of Dupre the benefit of whatever fame she might acquire.

Margot Dupre had been beautiful—was beautiful still in the half-light of the almost deserted street. It had been said of her that the regularity of her features enabled her to make-up better than any chorus girl in New York. On the stage she was a vision. But in the pitiless sunlight, which Margot dodged as continuously as was convenient, the years of making-up showed their marks.

Margot for ten years had tried the interesting experiment of "going straight." At twenty-seven she had been married

three times for, according to her own peculiar philosophy, picked up here and there, "The only way to get rid of 'em is to marry 'em."

After ten years on the stage, Margot was still in the chorus, was getting forty dollars a week and was continuously "broke." All this because Margot Dupre had, beneath her jocular, devil-may-care, blase exterior, a certain idea—a certain pride in her reputation. She was bantered and loved by every person in the profession who knew her and—she was respected. A thick book could be written upon the life of Margot Dupre, the almost shabby young person who had this night rescued an innocent girl from the blandishments of a cadet, and it would abound in incident, romance, picturesque adventure and inexplicable but fascinating contradictions.

She was a type that can be produced only one place in the world—beneath the blinding white lights of Broadway.

"And now, dearie," said Margot Dupre, turning to Dorothy Dale, "what next?"

"Who was that man?" demanded Dorothy.

"My Gawd!" returned Margot. "Am I a city directory? Do you think I know every skirt-hound that prowls around here at two o'clock in the morning? I don't know his name, but I got his number."

"I don't know how to thank you," murmured Dorothy.

"Please omit flowers," replied Margot. "Now what are you doing shimmying around here this time of night with your little bag? Your mother ought a rocked you to sleep five hours ago."

"I'm looking for a place to sleep."

"Fat chance in this man's town. There ain't a room within seventy-five blocks of this corner."

Dorothy shuddered and drew her coat more closely around her. Margot stood in deep thought, ever and anon glancing at the pretty, guileless face of her companion.

"I'll take you home with me," she decided. "It ain't any Newport viller. It has only got two rooms, a bath and a gas-plate, but Mike knows I gotta pay twenty-four berries a week for it. What d'ye say, kid?"

Dorothy gazed into the keen, blue eyes of Margot Dupre and trusted her instinctively.

(Continued on page 28)

Will Rogers' "Dry" Humor

WILL ROGERS, as most folks know, is by way of being one of our best little humorists. When he was on the stage with his broncho breeches and lariat he convulsed his audiences with his original bits of wit. Now that he is in pictures he has to put his stuff before the public in writing.

In his "Cowboy Philosophy on Prohibition" he pulls some corks. Here are a few:

Already they are trading Bethlehem Steel shares for Peruna stock and paying the difference.

Getting bit by a snake will become a lost art.

No brandy — women will have to struggle along without fainting.

More next week about the Kentucky Colonel who, when they went to dig up his mint bed, just said: "Dig it a little deeper and I will get in myself; we are both non-essentials now."

There are people who if they put in half the time studying on some mechanical invention that they do now to smuggle in booze, why they would be as great as Edison.

I saw a box of Armour's Meat drop off an express wagon and broke every bottle.

Prohibition has done some very good things in the road building line. It has been the cause of more road improvement between wet and dry towns than any other thing.

Bad roads have broken more bottles of booze than the authorities.

You have seen millions and millions of dollars worth of Liberty Bonds sold in Cafes where everybody is drinking and jolly. Did you ever see any sold in an Ice Cream Parlor?

The government said a man in Uniform couldn't get a drink. Guess the government figured that the ones who didn't have the nerve to go needed the liquor worse than the soldiers did.

The first six ice cream sodas served to six pinochle players mean six more Bolsheviks.

The new ice cream dipper hound at the



Will Rogers Trying to Think Up a New One—And His Little Son Jimmy, Also a Screen Star

fountain will have another advantage over the old bartender—he won't have to listen to the same story over and over again.

If prohibition will just stop some men trying to repeat stories they have heard, it will not have been in vain.

The worst crime a child can commit now is to eat up the raisins that Dad brought home for fermenting purposes.

They were discussing mean men at the Goldwyn studio the other day while the final scenes of "Jes' Call Me Jim," were being taken.

Various nominations for the honor were made and then Rogers spoke up:

"Oh," said Rogers, "you've heard of the man that killed two birds with one stone? Well, I know a man so mean that he'd want the stone back."

DOROTHY DALE'S CAREER

(Continued from page 26)

"It would be wonderful of you," she said

They walked to Forty-ninth Street, entered the tawdry vestibule of an apartment house and climbed to the fifth floor.

"My dogs are tired. I gotta take care of 'em," said Margot as they stopped at the fifth landing to get their breath.

"I love dogs," replied Dorothy. "I have two at home. They're——"

"Dogs—dogs," interrupted Margot. "Dogs mean feet. I danced my feet off to-night. We had another rehearsal after the show. We gotta tin-pan for stage director. He's a grandson of Old Simon Legree."

Margot opened the door and disclosed the usual furnished apartment which contained about as many home touches as a railroad station. Three or four pairs of stockings hung from the aged chandelier, several handkerchiefs were pasted on the windows to dry, and on the dresser there was a picture of a handsome man, encased in a gilt standing frame.

Dorothy rushed over to it and picked it up.

"Who is this?" she asked.

"My father, M. Jules Dupre of Paris, France," calmly replied Margot. "M. stands for monsieur. I used to pronounce it mouse-ear, then mon-sewer, but now I pronounce it much-ear, which is correct. I bought my father in a Broadway novelty store about nine years ago. Isn't he cute? I don't know who the hell he was before he became my father. But he adds a little tone to the apartment, don't you think. Anyhow, he's the only father I have got, so you've gotta like him, that's all."

Dorothy gazed at this puzzling creature whose self-assertive and optimistic manner forbade sympathy yet suggested the need of it.

"You're a pretty kid," suddenly remarked Margot. "You've struck a tough life, take it from me."

"And you are beautiful," said Dorothy.

"Forget it," snapped Margot. "Not any more. I used to be a fairly good looking broiler and I had beautiful hair. It was like yours is now—spun gold."

"But it's red."

"Sure. Henner did that."

"Who?"

"Henner. H-e-n-n-a—henner." It was

one time when I was scraping the bottom of the bin and Gilson advertised in *Variety* for a red-headed chorus. The next day I was a red-head. It cost me five bucks to have it hennered then. Now it costs sixteen. That's what makes it look like a cross between an Italian sunset and a Bolshevik flag. I can't have it done very often. Well—me for the Ostermoor. . . . Oh!" she exclaimed, as if suddenly remembering something. "I thought at first we would have to sleep three in a bed. I thought Annette would be here."

"Annette?"

"Yes, my girl friend. She has been stopping with me. But, something tells me she won't be in to-night."

She sighed: "So it goes. This town is full of persons who forget where they live. Don't ever get absent-minded that way, dearie."

"My great ambition, if I ever get rich enough," said Margot as they sat next morning discussing a pair of ancient but more or less honorable eggs, "is to own a hen. Now, what's yours?"

"The pictures," answered Dorothy. Then came the whole story replete with little confidences. "But," concluded Dorothy, "New York isn't exactly what I expected it would be. New York isn't Pineville."

"So they say in New York," commented Margot "And it ain't Schenectady or Hoosic Falls or Painted Post either. It's New York. Now listen, dearie. I've hit every bump in the road here. I have been broke for ten straight years and I've been married three times. Once to a juggler, once to a buck-and-winger and once to a ventriloquist. I know you would just love all those boys. But, I'm off that stuff for life. The last time I went to see the judge about a divorce he told me the state was thinking of establishing a special court for me."

"Now, listen," she continued. "Maybe I've got the wrong hunch. But if you want to pull down a real success in this burg, keep clean. Never mind the limousines and the chow dogs and the Drive apartments. Do you get me?"

"Y-e-s, I think so."

"I haven't done much, probably because it ain't in me but, like a darn boob, I still have hopes and when I do put it over——"

(Continued on page 30)

People Who Make Vaudeville Famous

*Sophie
Bennett**Leopold
Kohls**Irving
Fisher**George
Jessel**Estelle Ehrens**Jack Boyle*

DOROTHY DALE'S CAREER

(Continued from page 28)

"But you must have some friends."

"Yes," and a soft light crept into the eyes of the worldling. "I know some boys and they are nice boys, too. A couple of them have got money. I take dinner with 'em once in a while and let 'em call for me and go and get a bite after the show—but, I always kiss 'em good night down at the street door—and do you know, they actually like me—"

"Now, run along, dearie," she continued. "Go around to the agencies. There isn't much doing in pictures here now. Most everything is out on the coast. Most of these agents are on the level. Go to the big places. Keep away from the pikers. You can leave your suit-case here and have your trunk sent up until you find a place to live. I'd go with you and steer you around but I gotta rehearsal. So-long."

To one after another of the great motion picture offices Dorothy made her way. In every one of them she was courteously received, after waiting an interminable length of time. It seemed to her that every girl in the world had suddenly decided upon a motion picture career.

The waiting rooms were full and when her turn came she was invariably admitted to a man who appraised her beauty with a calculating yet inoffensive look. It was a business stare that every one of these men turned upon the girl.

"You might do," said one. "But I have seen ten beautiful girls this morning. I'll take your name and address and, if there is anything, I will have you called."

Disappointment after disappointment made it a heart-breaking day for the girl but she kept on. She would not admit defeat.

Gradually she worked her way to the minor agencies—the "pikers" as Margot had called them—the ruff-scutt that hangs on the edge of the great motion picture industry—the pirates—the fakers.

In one of these offices, a small place on the tenth floor of a great building, she met J. Angus Dill, "agent," and disclosed the nature of her business.

Dill looked her over, as the others had done, but with a manner, which she instinctively felt was different. Bit by bit, she told him her story.

Finally, as if actuated by a sudden inspiration, he jumped up from his desk and said: "You are the very girl I want for a picture we are working on now at the studio. It is late but we will run out to the studio in my car and I'll introduce you to the director."

The girl, delighted at her sudden good fortune, accompanied him and, in a few moments, it seemed to her, they were in the suburbs.

It was while they were passing through the ragged edge of a great park that Dill leaned toward the girl and whispered: "You are wonderful."

Then she felt his arm about her and then he tried to kiss her. She jumped up and screamed to the driver: "Stop!" He paid no attention but speeded up the car another notch. She pounded on the glass separating her from the driver's seat and screamed. The car was attaining a high speed.

Dill pulled her back to the seat but, with a desperate effort, she wrenched herself free, quickly opened the door and, for a terrible second stood on the outside step.

Then she leaped.

(To be continued)

Traffic Signals

In order that the automobilists, wagon drivers, pedestrians and others may understand the system of traffic signals now in use in cities we have decided to publish them.

Signals given by traffic officers:

When signaling "Come on," wiggle the ears vigorously and kick three times with the left hind foot.

When signaling "Stand still," scratch the left ear and reach around to the hip pocket for a chew of tobacco.

When signaling "Turn to the right," wiggle the right elbow slightly and place left thumb in watch pocket.

When signaling "Turn to the left," tap pavement gently with left foot and wiggle the upper lip.

When signaling "Back up," wiggle little finger on right hand and rub left foot against right shin.

Any automobilist who can remember these signals will get into no trouble.

Discovered!

(The Story of a Great Scandal in New York Life)

By GUY D. MORIBUND

A BEAUTIFUL woman peered nervously from the half-door of the public taxicab as the vehicle drew up in front of a fashionable Broadway cafe.

One jeweled hand rested upon the handle of the door as she looked anxiously up and down the broad sidewalk where the usual theater-going crowd was passing to and fro. The other hand grasped the wrist of her companion, a tall, dark man in a silk hat and faultless evening attire, who effaced himself in the darkened corner of the cab.

"I think it is safe now, George, dear," whispered the woman. "There is no one in sight who knows me or you. We will make a dash for it."

The man, evidently nervous, but determined to see the matter through, shut his jaws together with a snap and muttered: "Go ahead. I will follow you."

Hastily they disengaged themselves from the taxicab and went across the walk, glancing apprehensively to right and left. But they reached the interior of the cafe without being recognized.

By a prearranged plan, the head waiter quickly seated them at a little secluded table in one corner of the great room, behind a palm.

II.

They were happy together. Their conversation between the courses of an elaborate meal, was animated. It was apparent that they were very much in love.

She, the pampered darling of society, the charming Alicia, a married woman with a beautiful home in the Nineties, was indeed beautiful that night.

She was more than beautiful. She was good looking.

He, Harkworthy, was the type of successful Broad street broker—a man of the world—a physical and financial giant. More than once had their names been linked.

Suddenly Alicia gasped and went white. Harkworthy, who sat with his back to the great room, hastened around the table, thinking she was about to faint.

"What is it, dear?" he asked.

"Henry Billinghamurst just passed this table. He looked straight at me," she gasped. "He recognized me. And he recognized you. Everybody will know it tomorrow."

"The old gossip," growled Harkworthy.

"Take me out of here, please," pleaded Alicia. "I must—I must go home."

Harkworthy spoke a word to their waiter and then left hurriedly by a side door.

III.

Society was shocked almost into insensibility.

Henry Billinghamurst had done his work well. In spite of an unsatisfactory telephone service, he had succeeded in reaching an unbelievable number of people with the news of his discovery of the guilty pair in the cafe.

The long tongue of gossip wound itself about this choice morsel. Society seethed with it.

The brazenness of it. In a public restaurant.

Perhaps no one was so startled as Mrs. Stuyvesant Van Damm, a life-long friend of Alicia's. She called for her smelling salts immediately upon dropping her telephone receiver.

Mrs. Smythe-Jones came bustling in with the terrible news.

"Would you ever have thought it?" she asked.

"It is almost unbelievable," replied Mrs. Van Damm, weakly. "Alice Harkworthy and her husband dining together. What are we coming to?"

"And in a public cafe, too," sobbed Mrs. Smythe-Jones.

(THE END)

FULL HOUSE

When Marjorie Rambeau was playing in a Denver stock company, she became acquainted with several Mormon families of that city. One day she called to see a Mormon's wife whose husband was very ill. They were talking in the hallway when the doctor came downstairs.

"Is my husband better?" asked the wife.

"No," the physician replied, "I fear the end is not far off."

"Do you think," she asked hesitatingly, "do you think it proper that I should be at his bedside during his last moments?"

"Yes, madam, but I advise you to hurry," replied the doctor, "the best places are already being taken."

The Month's Mirth

"YOU say the prisoner had been drinking?" asked the Judge, "drinking what?"

"Whiskey, I think."

"You think? Don't you know the smell of whiskey? Aren't you a judge?"

"No, your Honor, only a policeman."

THEY were looking at the stars.

"How bright Orion is tonight."

"So that's O'Ryan is it," replied Pat. "Well thank the Lord there's one Irishman in Heaven anyway."

THE doctor told me they kept you alive for eight days on brandy and milk."

"Just my luck! I was unconscious all the time."

"I SEE Jack Fancier and his wife have got a divorce."

"Really? What a sad case. And who gets the custody of the poodle?"

PAT, what's your solution to the world problem?"

"Well, sor, I think we should have a world democracy, with an Irishman as king."

HE—I'd like to propose a little toast.

She—Nothing doing kid. I want a regular meal.

WIFE—I read the other day that the giraffe has a tongue eighteen inches long.

Husband—Aren't you jealous?

WHAT did you marry him for?"

"His money."

"What do you want a divorce for?"

"I've got it."

AT an engineering school a student began to whistle at his work so shrilly as to rise above the turmoil of the lathes and mills.

"Stop that whistling," said the instructor.

"But Ruskin praises the man who whistles at his work."

"Don't quote your music-hall comedians to me," was the stern reply.

JACK—Was her father violent when you asked for her hand?

Tom—Was he? Great Scot? I thought he would shake my arm off.

A COLORED man knocked at Mrs. Brown's door and asked for a job.

"What's your name?" asked Mrs. Brown, for she liked the look of the fellow.

"Ma name's Poe, ma'am," he answered. "Poe, eh?" asked Mrs. Brown. "I suppose some of your family once worked for the great Edgar Allan Poe, didn't they?"

The colored man's eyes bulged. "Why, ma'am," he said, "Ah am Edgar Allan Poe!"

THERE ain't no ham in this here sandwich," a customer growled, seated on a high stool before the marble bar of a railway restaurant.

"Oh, you ain't come to the ham yet," the attendant answered easily.

The man ate on a while longer. Then he growled again: "Still no ham."

"Oh," said the attendant, "you've bit over it now."

MRS. HEMMANDHAW—"I was disappointed this afternoon."

Hemmandhaw—"How?"

"Just as I came up behind two girls one of them was saying 'and he squeezed, and squeezed and squeezed—'"

"Ah!"

"And while I was passing she said:

"'And squeezed and squeezed, but try as he might, he couldn't save a cent out of thirty dollars a week.'"

WASH White was an incurable optimist. The other day he was strolling around with a big raw gash in his forehead.

"What's the trouble, Washington?" someone asked.

"Ain't no trouble," grinned Wash. "Dassa sign o' good luck; dat's what! Ah prayed de Lawd last night to gimme a good-luck sign. Fust t'ing dis mawnin' when I opened de stable do, de mule up wid his hoof and fetched me a kick in de face. Dar's luck fo' you—a hoss shoe in yo' face befo' breakfast. Golly, but I hopes de luck keeps up de same fo' de rest o' de year!"

Who's Who and What's What in Pictures

Helen D.—Mae Murray's leading man in "On With the Dance" was David Powell.

L. R.—Elliott Dexter was born in Houston, Texas. He is with Famous Players at present.

Mary Jane.—There are three Moore brothers, Tom, Owen and Matt, all on the screen. Tom was married to Alice Joyce, Owen to Mary Pickford, and Matt has never been married.

Florence G.—Mary Miles Minter is at present with Realart. She will probably send you a picture if you write and ask her, and enclose twenty-five cents.

Hazel West.—Thomas Meighan is 33 years old and is Gloria Swanson's leading man. Yes, he played in "The Miracle Man."

Helen B.—Owen Moore is six feet tall and has brown hair and blue eyes. He is no longer Mary's husband. She is married to Doug Fairbanks. You know that, don't you?

Joyce F.—You may reach Mary Pickford at 4500 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif., and Charlie Chaplin at 1416 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

M. D. M.—Alice Joyce was born in Kansas City in 1890. She was an artist's model before going into moving pictures. She is with Vitagraph at present.

Miss China.—Mme. Nazimova's latest picture is "The Heart of A Child." She is married to Charles Bryant, her leading man.

Fannie R.—Milton Sills is playing opposite Viola Dana in "Eliza Comes to Stay."

G. M. D.—Ethel Barrymore is Mrs. R. E. Colt in private life. She was born in 1879 and is a sister of Jack and Lionel.

Ruth T.—Dorothy Dalton played in "Aphrodite" all this winter at the Century Theatre in N. Y.

M. H. G.—Frankie Mann is married to Donald Hall

Emma H.—Shirley Mason and Viola Dana are sisters. Shirley is with Fox and Viola with Metro. Yes, Viola is a widow, her husband having died of influenza in 1918.

Francis M.—Olive Thomas is married to Jack Pickford. No, they do not play together, Olive is with Selznick and Jack with Goldwyn.

Chicago Lady.—William and Dustin Farnum are brothers. William played in "Heart Strings."

Alaska.—Theda Bara is on the stage this season playing in "The Blue Flame."

Jessie Mack.—Norma, Constance and Natalie Talmadge are all sisters. Natalie has played small parts with Norma. Yes, Norma is married, the other two are not.

Wm. F.—Irene Castle's latest picture is "The Amateur Wife." Yes, her hair is really bobbed.

M. G. B.—Richard Barthelmess is not married. Elliott Dexter is married to Marie Doro. Thomas Meighan to Frances Ring.

Bertha J.—Wallace Reid is married to Dorothy Davenport. She is not in the pictures at present. His latest picture is "The Dancin' Fool."

Movie Fan.—Katherine McDonald and Mary MacLaren are sisters. Yes, I believe Katherine is considered more beautiful than Mary.

Jessie Mac.—Naomi Childers, Tom Moore's leading woman in "Lord and Lady Algy," is the same Naomi who was with Vitagraph a few years ago.

N. B., Omaha.—Betty Blythe's latest picture is "The Silver Horde," a Rex Beach story.

Lillian H.—Yes, Francis Bushman did marry Beverly Bayne, and they have one child, I believe.

J. K.—Bert Lytell is married to Evelyn Vaughn. He has been on the stage. His latest picture is "The Right of Way."

“Jean”

“My Daddy Knows”

**“Oh, How I Laugh When I
Think How I Cried
About You”**

GET THESE

“Get-Under-Your-Skin”

SONG HITS!

THEY ARE GREAT—AS ALWAYS

Published by

Waterson, Berlin & Snyder Co.,

Song Publishers

**Strand Theatre Building, Broadway and 47th St.
New York City**